

# RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTIONS

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Vol. XXVII

OCTOBER, 1934

No. 4

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NEWPORT LIGHT INFANTRY CAP

(See page 97)

Issued Quarterly

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68 WATERMAN STREET, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

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RHODE  
HISTORICAL



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## Newport Light Infantry Company Insignia

By W. L. CALVER

I noticed recently in some publications\* a rather indistinct illustration of the cap of the Newport Light Infantry Company, which is now in the Royal United Service Institute at Whitehall, London. I sketched the cap some years ago while I was in London. I am wondering if the full import of the device upon the front of the cap has been noted. America holds in her left hand an olive branch and liberty cap, while in reserve partly concealed in her right hand is a sword. I translate the motto as "Country is dear, but Liberty is dearer;" the very sentiment that Webster decried: "Liberty first and union afterward."

Doubtless upon its ribbon above the anchor was "HOPE." Several members of the Newport Light Infantry became officers in the Continental Line. The cap was probably carried away from Newport by the British in 1780.

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\**Emblems of Rhode Island*. Illustrations of the Seal, Arms and Flags of Rhode Island, page 29.



## Providence in Civil War Days

By THEODORE COLLIER

*(Continued from Page 84)*

The clouds had begun to lift. It was not strange that Washington's Birthday that year, 1862, was observed with more than customary fervor. The hundred guns that saluted the day spoke in tones of confidence and determination, tones which were echoed in the pulpit of the Old First Baptist Meeting House by Dr. Wayland and Bishop Clark. There was no vainglory nor boasting, no painting of rainbows. True prophets as they were, they gave warning of trials yet to be endured; but through all their words there breathed a sublime faith that would not be denied. And those who listened found their own hope rekindled and their own courage renewed. All over the land that day other Waylands and other Clarks were preaching the same message. And the North took heart again. Something within gave it assurance of final victory; through whatever dark valleys and across whatever bloody fields its path might lead it would end in victory and peace. It was the turning of the spiritual tide.

Yes, the North had a vision of victory. Already it was singing a new song, the song of her who had seen the "Glory of the Coming of the Lord," the "Glory Hallelujah Song," they called it then, first sung in our streets by the boys of the 10th Battery as they marched out.

The winter of discontent was wearing to a close; Spring was at hand, and with Spring new successes: Beaufort, Newbern and Ft. Macon (these to Burnside's credit); Island No. 10; and, greatest of all, the brilliant exploit of the Monitor, a battle which opened a new era in naval warfare. "How John Bull will gaze upon his wooden navy and ask in despair what it is worth!" cried the *Journal*, in exultation. John Bull's navy, no longer wooden, serves a

different purpose just now, and no one of us is disposed to question its worth. But we have no need to excuse our fathers for their taunting; they had endured much at the hands of England, England from whom, among all the nations of Europe, they most expected discerning sympathy.

Apropos of the Monitor, its inventor John Ericsson was promptly claimed by Rhode Island as a descendant of Lief Ericsson, "the first Rhode Islander," A. D. 1000 or thereabouts. As for the Monitor itself, it paid the penalty of fame—it had a hat named after it, and, I presume, likewise a cigar; but I will vouch for the hat.

Burnside's achievements in North Carolina received the grateful recognition of the State that was ever proud to do him honor. Upon his return in the fall he was voted the thanks of the General Assembly and presented with a beautiful sword of ceremony.

But things were going badly on the James. Banks had suffered a reverse; McClellan failed before Yorktown and was compelled to retire. The cry was raised, "The Capital is in danger." The call went forth for new levies. Rhode Island answered with her oldtime promptness. In the words of the *Journal*, "The men sprung to their swords, the women to their needles." Men hurried again from their counting rooms and workshops; students dropped their books and fell into the ranks; mothers who had already sent sons to war heroically bade their other sons God-speed; brides parted tearfully but bravely with their husbands; the sorriest and saddest men were those who could not go. Fifty students of the University volunteered; and seventeen of the High School boys. Within two days a regiment, the 9th, under Col. Robbins, had been sent off; in less than a week, another, under Col. Bliss, had followed.

But even these proved not enough. In July came a second and more urgent call for 300,000 men. The situation seemed desperate. McClellan was retreating, and reinforcements were needed at once, or the whole campaign in Virginia might collapse. For the first time Rhode Island



lagged. It was past believing. Even bounties failed to move her; she seemed indifferent alike to danger and to duty. Day after day, with ever-rising inflection, the *Journal* pleaded for the safety of the Republic and the honor of the State: "Rouse yourselves, men of the North! Choose you, where you will fight, along the Potomac, or on the banks of the Delaware or, mayhap, of the Connecticut!"

But recruits only trickled in. Something must be done, and without delay. A great mass meeting was called in Market Square. For an hour before the time of assembling the bells were rung and the band paraded the streets. The meeting was presided over by the Mayor, Jabez C. Knight; on the platform sat all the Conscript Fathers. The Governor spoke; likewise the Lieutenant Governor, the Bishop and many others, their peers in eloquence. For three hours it went on, the enthusiasm mounting with the temperature,—it was August. It was a "grand success"—as a meeting; but the immediate results were meagre, and it was not until September that a regiment was raised, and not until well into October that it left for the front.

And it is doubtful whether even this could have been accomplished without the spur of fear—Lee had crossed the Potomac—and without the lure of high bounties. Lee's invasion of Maryland left no room for argument; the Government *must* have more men, and must have them at once! Recruiting was made the order of the day. Ward committees were organized; daily meetings were held; every afternoon for a week business was suspended; a recruiting tent was pitched on the Bridge, another at Hoyle Square. The advertising columns of the papers bristled with appeals for volunteers. Subscription lists for bounties were opened; Henry Lippitt offered \$1,000 to the ward that first raised its quota; A. C. Barstow offered a second \$1,000; Mayor Knight, a third; from a score of wealthy citizens came equally large contributions; in ten days \$70,000 was raised; and the city appropriated \$100,000 for the relief of soldiers' families. Seeing that we have de-

scribed it, we claim the privilege of naming it: it was Providence's first "drive"; certainly it had all the symptoms of a "drive." It was a success; but it was the last success under the bounty system. What played the mischief with volunteering? Bounties! At first prescribed in moderate doses, as a tonic, they had come to be relied on as a stimulant, with the inevitable consequence, the oftener taken, the more required.

And thus the good people of Providence came to the edge of the second winter of the War. And here let us leave off following the red trail for a bit, and make the round of their city, drop into their homes, and "have a dish of gossip."

The Providence of the '60s was far smaller and less extended than the Providence of today. On the East Side the built-up portion resembled an "L," of which Prospect, Benefit and Main Streets constituted the upright, and Wickenden, the foot. Along Angell and Waterman Streets the houses ran fairly close together, almost if not quite to the Seekonk. From Prospect they crept down over the Hill toward Brown Street; but the section east of Prospect and north of Angell was for the most part sparsely settled; while beyond the Asylum and the Friends School, it was open country, with here and there a farmhouse.

On the west side of the river the city spread out from Market Square fan-wise; west and southwest along Washington, Westminster, Weybosset and Broad Streets; and south along Dyer and Pine. Elmwood was considered pretty well out; Olneyville, or Johnston, lay beyond the city limits; Cranston was a neighboring village.

Where now we have the freight yards there was then a Cove. The "business section" of the city comprised North and South Main Streets, Westminster Street, Market Square and Exchange Place. Says a contemporary description: "Westminster Street is becoming more and more an attractive place of trade because of the showy and beautiful stores that are springing up along its excellent sidewalks.



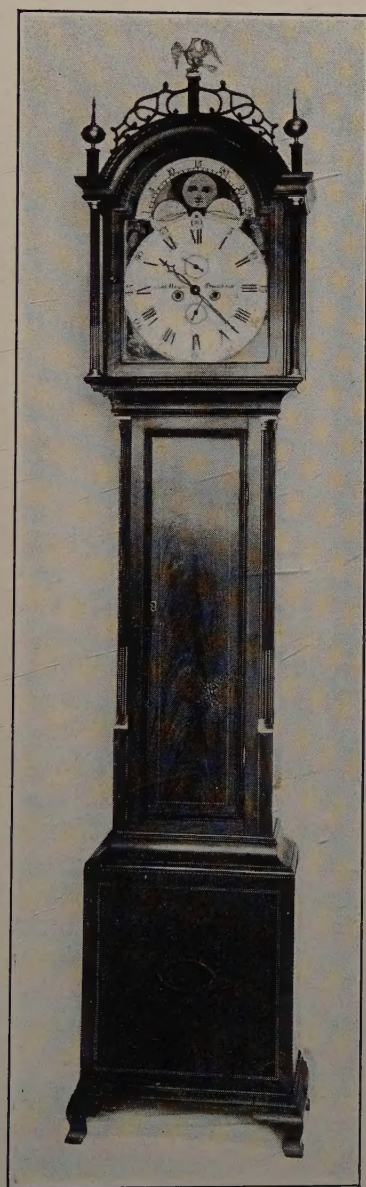
One by one the old fashioned shop fronts disappear, and the new stores take on a metropolitan air just as naturally as though it was a universal law of trade that success is dependent upon using great panes."

To get about the city one walked or took a hack. The war was half over before the rails of the first street-car line were laid, from Exchange Place to Broad Street, via Dorrance, Westminster and High. Other lines were soon run to Elmwood, Olneyville and Pawtucket, and along Wickenden and Washington Streets. The advent of the horse-cars was an occasion for civic pride; "elegant vehicles!" was the approving verdict; "it is a luxury to ride in them."

It was a town of wealth even then, the taxable property of its 60,000 inhabitants being assessed at nearly \$60,000,000. Although on the tax lists there was but one man rated as a millionaire, Alexander Duncan, there were not a few men of what then passed for large fortunes. The war stimulated business, and Providence grew richer year by year. Many were the evidences of prosperity: a new City Hall was built in 1865; the Rhode Island Hospital was chartered in 1863. The real estate market was unusually active, and land values steadily rose. In 1864 sales amounted to nearly \$3,000,000. Liberal contributions were made to relief work and local charities; many church mortgages were paid off, the culminating proof of a surplus.

Cotton was then, as now, our great staple of manufacture. The immediate effect of Secession was naturally to restrict trade in the raw material. Receipts, which in 1860 had amounted to 160,000 bales, were reduced in 1861 and 1862 to about 57,000 bales. The capture of New Orleans and of Vicksburg and the opening of the Mississippi relieved the stringency somewhat; but even in 1864 only 107,000 bales were obtained. Prices shot up at the beginning of the war and continued to rise every year. During 1861 the cost of raw cotton advanced from 38c to 68c; during the next year from 68c to 82c; in 1864 there were times when it brought as high as \$1.88. Print cloth jumped from





CLOCK MADE BY CALEB WHEATON OF PROVIDENCE  
*Bequeathed to the Society of C. Prescott Knight*

43¼c in 1860, to an average of 27c at the beginning of 1865; once it reached the dizzy height of 38½c. Only with the return of peace did the cotton market recover its equilibrium.

But business found adequate compensation in the demand for war supplies. Shops and factories which, owing to the "panic" of 1857, had been all but idle in 1860, at once became busy; there was employment for everyone. By 1863, partly as a consequence of the drain of men into the army, there was a scarcity of labor in some fields. There were thousands of hands employed in munitions works. The Burnside Rifle Company was turning out 100 rifles a day; the Providence Tool Company 125 Springfields a day, besides bayonets and ramrods; the Providence Gunlock Company, a thousand locks a week. The Schubarth Company was assembling Springfield rifles and sending them off at the rate of nearly two thousand a month; other concerns were manufacturing various parts. The Corliss Company and the Providence Steam Engine Company were building marine engines and boilers for the navy; the Builders Iron was casting heavy ordnance, 11 inch and 13 inch Dahlgren guns, a gun every four days, besides five tons of shot and shell a day. Here also were cast the powerful guns for Ericsson's second monitor, the "Dictator." But the greatest feat of casting was performed at the Corliss works—two 100 inch cylinders for a gunboat; 34 tons of molten iron, the largest quantity that had ever been poured in New England from a single reservoir, was run into the mould in seventy-five seconds. Providence was ingenious as well as industrious, and produced not a few inventions in the way of guns or shells.

While certain staples, like cotton and iron, were high, and most manufactured articles comparatively costly, provisions were, if not cheap, at least reasonable throughout the greater part of the war. Not until the beginning of '64 was there any material advance in prices. With all her burdens and anxieties the housewife of the early '60s had

much to be thankful for; she was not dogged at every step by the "High Cost of Living"; her calendar contained no wheatless, meatless, porkless days. She did not have to jeopardize her salvation by practicing deception on her men folks, palming off scorpions for eggs; if her son asked for bread she gave him pure wheat. She could afford to. Her Sunday roast cost but 12-17c a pound; steak, sirloin or porterhouse, the same; turkey was considered high at 15c; a pair of woodcock or a pair of partridges could be bought for 50c; lobster sold for 10c a pound; eggs, at 15c a dozen; butter, at 20-30c a pound; lard, at 10c a pound; potatoes, at 60-80c a bushel; flour, at around \$7 a barrel. Sugar was fairly high, 9-12c; coffee was cheap, 24c, but of poor quality. These were average prices for 1861 and 1862. From the spring of '63 onward there was a steady but moderate increase, until the winter of '64-'65 when everything advanced sharply: beef to 30c; butter to 60c; eggs to 45c; potatoes to \$1.40; white sugar to 30c a pound; flour to \$13.00 a barrel; kerosene to \$1.00 a gallon.

But although the housewife was not called upon to enlist under the standard of food conservation, it must not be supposed that she was denied the opportunity of serving by saving. Cheerfully she submitted to the necessity of economy; nay, she claimed it as a privilege. Clothes, in particular, were costly; and the problem of dress was no easy one; but woman's wits were equal to it. She "made over" and retrimmed. To save material, she shortened the flounces; she used mousseline de laine in place of silk; or she brightened up her rusty silk with alcohol and "made it do." Here and there we meet a woman who had gone daft, and fondly believed that the war can be won by shears. I recall one who rushed into print with the announcement of a grand discovery—\$1,000,000 a year could be saved by the women of the North, by simply making their dresses to escape the ground by one inch, instead of letting them trail on the ground two inches. If that woman had only had our present fashion plates, she would have saved the whole cost of the war and extinguished the national debt besides.



Paris fashions decreed the disappearance of bonnets. Birds, boughs of trees, kitchen gardens, all, all gone!—"In April," says a contemporary, "every lady wore upon her head the foliage, the fruits, the flying things of an island in the Pacific. In June, the astonished opera glass explores the brilliant crowd almost in vain to find one vestige of a bonnet. The bonnet has retreated to the extreme rear; it barely flanks the extreme right and left wings of the world and voluminous coiffures into which fashionable beauty twists, puffs, expands and frizzles its own hair, and all the other hair upon which it can lay its hands."

But, even in war-times, it was not all work and worry, buying and selling, fighting and praying. Men were not always orating or enlisting, or hammering out great guns; and women who sat down with unvarying regularity to sew, occasionally rose up to play. How did they amuse themselves? There was the theatre, and it had much to offer as regards both merit and variety. They might go to see Charlotte Cushman in various Shakespearean roles, or Laura Keane in "Our American Cousin" and "She Stoops to Conquer"; or Wallack and the two Davenports in "Othello" and "Richard III"; or Wilkes Booth in "Hamlet"; or the "charming Maggie Mitchell," as "Katie O'Sheal." They could feast their eyes on "Little Dolly Dutton, the tiniest, most beautiful, most fairy-like and lovely specimen of female humanity in the world"; or they could run with the hounds in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or replenish their stock of jokes at "Christie's Minstrels." Or, if they delighted in the spectacular, they went to see the "Polyorama of the War," a sort of Mid-Victorian "movie," except that it was the spectator, not the picture, that did the moving. At other times, Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt, Herrmann, or Artemus Ward held the stage. "Perfesser" Somebody-or-other came with his "Laughing gas," producing "sensations delightful beyond all the power of words to express." One young lady under the influence of the gas recited "an orig-

inal poem on Rhode Island." The place of the circus was taken by the "Hippofoonomodon" and the "Athleclym-pimantheum."

Lovers of music patronized the Italian Opera, which came every year; or now and then they chartered a special train and went up to Boston for an evening. In '63 a German Company came and sang, three successive evenings, "Martha," "Faust," and "Der Freischutz." It was Providence's first "operatic season" of its own, and it was justly proud of the distinction.

For the improvement of the mind there were lectures, the Lyceum series, the Mechanics Institute series, and many others besides. Henry Ward Beecher, George William Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett, Charles Sumner, Higginson, William Lloyd Garrison, — there were giants in those days—came repeatedly to speak on the causes and issues of the War. John Lord's historical lectures and Bayard Taylor's travel-talks were popular. "Timothy Titcomb," on literary subjects, was always heard with delight. The "red-hottest" speaker who came to Providence during the War was, I believe, Parson Brownlow, who delivered a slashing lecture on "Rotten Monarchies and Live Republics."

The University reflected in every phase of her life the influence of the War. From first to last there was never a call for volunteers that did not bring Brown boys hurrying to the colors. By September, 1862 half the college had enlisted, and, said President Sears, "all the rest of us, Professors and students alike, are ready to go whenever needed." But what sort of soldiers were they? Were they better or worse for "college"? How did their "higher education" stand the acid test of war? Let a contemporary testify: "What patience and fortitude, what bravery and coolness, what power of adaptation to new circumstances, what readiness to obey, what skill in command, have these young men, fresh from their studies, evinced. How has their character shone forth, the ripe fruit, the most splendid vindi-

cation of severe academic training and discipline? During this war, when perhaps it was least expected by many, our higher schools of learning have shown themselves, as never before, entitled to the gratitude and affectionate support of the Nation."

Commencement had always been a considerable event in the life of the community as well as of the University. But the commencements of '61-'65 were invested with an extraordinary interest and celebrated with a fervor heightened by patriotism. In 1861, an honorary degree was conferred upon Col. Burnside. In 1862, the valedictorian appeared upon the stage in uniform; the dinner was graced by the presence of the Governors of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Rhode Island; and Governor Andrew of Massachusetts delivered an eloquent address. In 1863 the principal orator was George William Curtis, who spoke on "Peace Through Victory"; and the youthful John Hay, who had returned for his fifth anniversary reunion, read a poem. It was in '63, too, that the portrait of General Burnside, which now hangs in Sayles Hall, was presented to the University. Shortly afterward portraits of Col. Christopher Greene and Surgeon Solomon Drowne, both Revolutionary heroes, and of General Rodman, who fell at Antietam, were added to our hall of fame.

The never-to-be-forgotten event of 1864 was the Centennial Celebration. Hundreds of Alumni returned; the array of distinguished guests was imposing; the procession to the old Meeting House was an impressive sight. General Burnside was everywhere greeted with applause. Dr. Sears reviewed the history of the University; George William Curtis, Governor Chase of Ohio, and many others delivered addresses. Goldwin Smith, who came as the spokesman of English Liberalism to America, was the recipient of an honorary degree, a grateful and fitting recognition of his staunch advocacy of the cause of the Union at the bar of English public opinion. John Hay could not be present, but sent a poem which was read by Dr. Angell. The celebration



was in every way worthy of the institution and in keeping with the heroic spirit of that stern and glorious time.

And now with the revolving months we have come to the fall of '64. Two years have passed since we left the City Fathers orating in the Market Place, two years compact with tremendous events. But lack of time forbids us to return and rehearse the tale. Nor is there need; for one day was like unto another, and life moved on, now faster, now slower, in grooves already worn deep by war. Time fails, and so we must hurry past Antietam, where General Rodman fell, and the brave young Ives; past the bloody slopes of Fredericksburg, where Burnside, deserving better fortune, met repulse, yet without loss of honor, and where Curtis and Sayles found a glorious death; past Salem Heights, where the Second Rhode Island held the right, and won imperishable laurels; past Gettysburg, where our Batteries, under Hazard, Arnold, Jastram and Bucklin, stood their ground under the hottest fire and gave back shot for shot. Nor can we stay to listen to the bells that rang out the glorious news of Gettysburg, Vicksburg and Port Hudson; nor to the song of deliverance that went up from a people from whose hearts a great weight had been lifted; nor to the prayers of thanksgiving, in which, with their President, they prayed to be "led through paths of repentance and submission to the Divine Will back to the perfect enjoyment of Union and fraternal peace."

Once more the country was called upon to choose a President. One name rose spontaneously to the lips of loyal men. Only he who had led them thus far through the wilderness of war could be trusted to lead them into the promised land of peace. "The proper person to succeed Abraham Lincoln is Abraham Lincoln," they said; "he must be re-elected." And Rhode Island set about to do her full share toward re-electing him. The campaign culminated in the great rally of October 29. Never before had such a gathering been held in Rhode Island. From far and near they came, 15,000 persons, pouring into Market Square,

filling every inch of space from the What Cheer building to Turk's Head, and overflowing into the side streets. The Square was ablaze with lanterns and candles. Mayor Doyle presided, and Senator Sprague made the first speech. Senator Anthony followed; then Abraham Payne, Amos C. Barstow, Thomas A. Jenckes, and C. A. Updike. General Burnside also spoke, and was greeted with tumultuous applause.

Four days later, on the Wednesday preceding the election, occurred the great parade. Let an eye-witness describe the scene: "Every part of the State had its representation. Men were here from the shores of the Pawcatuck and the Little Narragansett, greeting their political brethren from Buck Hill and Chopmist. The hardy fishermen on Point Judith Pond countermarched by the delegations from Branch River and the Beacon Pole. Men from Escoheag, Racoon Hill and Nooseneck gave cheerful countenance and a hearty God-speed to their fellow patriots from Mt. Hope and Kickamuit. Seaconnet rolled up its loyal columns until they met and mingled with our younger freemen from beyond the Seekonk." It was an army with banners; and on their banners were inscribed such sentiments as, "The rail of Secession is almost split; let Father Abraham have one more blow"; "The States that will go for Abe and Andy,—the United States"; "New England's triple Bs: Burnside, Butler and Banks";

"To save the Union  
We want no Quack  
But trust again to Abe  
And not to Little Mac."

This last recalls one of their campaign songs,

“Oh, can the tale be true, boys?  
We blush with shame to tell  
Of the Chicago crew, boys;  
And do you mark them well!  
Our Country’s faith was bartered there  
By the unholy tribe;  
But we the guilt will never share,  
Nor take the Southern bribe.

For good old Father Abraham  
We’ll work through sun and rain;  
For good old Father Abraham  
We’ll work with might and main.”

And after the parade they went to the mammoth tent, which had been set up behind the Cove, and listened to speeches until night fell. Little wonder that Rhode Island voted almost two to one for “Abe and Andy.”

The war was drawing to a close. Atlanta fell in December 1864; Charleston, in the following February. Sherman’s March had broken the back of the South; the collapse of the Confederacy was but a matter of time. Lee, consummate strategist though he was, could not forever hold out against Grant’s terrible pounding. The capture of Charleston was celebrated with a passionate fervor, tinged with bitterness at the recollection of Fort Sumter.

But the rejoicing over the capture of Charleston was as nothing compared with the outburst of rapture which followed the announcement of the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee. “The Confederacy is dead; the Union still lives,” was the exulting cry; “The stars which have been obscured on the old flag are bursting forth again in all their old radiance and glory.” It was ten o’clock at night when the news was received; the next moment it was spreading like wildfire. The bells began to ring; Grace Church chimes struck up “Yankee Doodle”; the Marine



Artillery fired a salute. All the city came running into the market place. The crowd surged up to the *Journal* office. General Burnside was already there, and Senator Anthony, Mr. Updike, and Mr. Angell. Speeches and wild cheers! Providence was fairly beside itself with joy. "We never saw anything like it before," said the *Journal*; "It was good natured delirium; it was joyous frenzy. Men hardly knew what to do to manifest their delight. Think of grave, gray-headed, elderly citizens walking solemnly along the streets, pulling at doorbells with a nervous twitch, as if to say, 'Why don't you get up and rejoice?' The moment anyone shouted, everybody within hearing responded. If one struck up a song, everybody sang. If one started 'John Brown,' all were ready to declare that 'his soul's marching on.' If a solemn hymn of praise to God was begun, instantly, with heads reverently uncovered, all joined. . . . Some one proposes a procession, and instantly Westminster Street is half filled with the throng, singing and shouting, marching, they knew not where, they cared not where. If Governor Dyer had led the way to Pawtucket or Woonsocket, they were then in the mood to follow. The moment a fire was kindled, everybody set about rolling boxes and barrels from every alley and lane within a quarter of a mile of the bridge. Some one shouts that the recruiting booths are no longer needed, and they straightway are turned over into the fire to 'recruit' the flames while police look on with amazement, and the steam fire-engines whistle their applause. . . . Such over-flowing, irrepressible, unpremeditated, spontaneous humor and jollity we never saw in a crowd before."

And then — ashes for beauty! Once more the iron-tongued bells and the deep-throated guns summon the citizens to the market place; this time in solemn, measured tones. He is dead; the Nation's Chief is dead; and it is as if the heart of the Nation itself had stopped beating. Horror and grief are written on every face. Not much is said; words seem feeble and empty; only tears can fully express

such sorrow. Silently the flags are lowered; the streets are hung with black; there is no house so mean and poor but it has its bit of crepe. Rich and poor, high and low, are all one in common bereavement. It is as if the Great Death had come nigh them all.

On the morrow they repair to their churches for such consolation as only religion can give. As evening comes on they gather in front of the home of the beloved Dr. Wayland, and there, in the midst of a pouring rain, stand silent and attentive, while the Venerable Father speaks the healing word which brings light out of darkness and fills them with a great peace. With trembling voices they sing, "My country, 'tis of thee," and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow"; then silently descend the hill, still sorrowing, but not as those who have no hope. It was Easter Sunday!

On Wednesday, the 19th, Lexington Day, they joined with their fellow-countrymen all over the broad land in paying funeral honors to their beloved dead. All business was suspended; the schools were closed; services were held in all the churches. And then, with muffled drums and draped flags, soldiers and citizens marched in solemn procession, through the principal streets of the city, and finally into Exchange Place, where they had so often gathered; and there they gave a last salute and furled their standards, on the very spot where, just four years before to a day, the boys of the First Rhode Island had unfurled the banner committed to their keeping by the loyal women of Providence.

## The Providence Horse Guards Flag of 1842

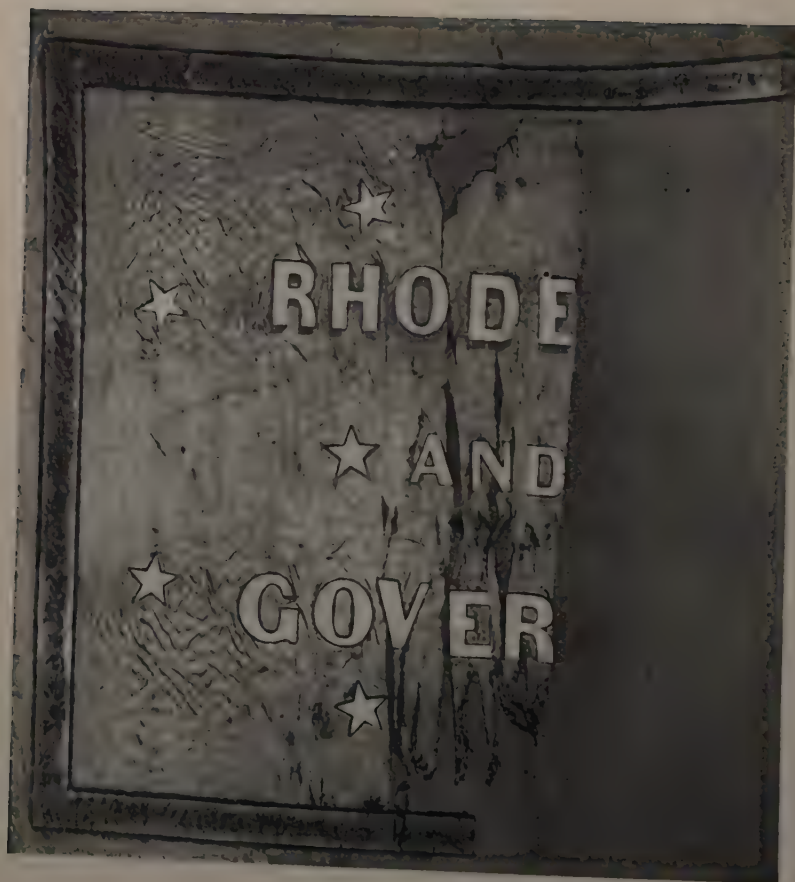
Brigadier General John J. Richards recently placed in the Society's museum the historic flag of the Horse Guards of Providence which was carried in 1842 at the time of the Dorr War. The flag is of bright green silk 42 inches by 32 inches and is illustrated in this issue of the *COLLECTIONS*. The design is painted on two pieces of silk which were sewed back to back, thus making the flag.

One side shows a man on horseback with drawn sword, a motive drawn from a picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps. The figures are gold, shaded with the detail in darker gold and scarlet. The letters which are gold, shaded with scarlet, are about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches tall. The horse and horseman face the fly of the flag. The other side of the flag, which was also of bright green silk, bore the inscription RHODE ISLAND AND ITS GOVERNMENT within an orle of eight stars, and with two additional stars filling the vacant spaces at the ends of the middle text line. The letters of the word RHODE ISLAND are gold, edged with scarlet, and shaded with orange red, the other letters are gold, edged with scarlet, and the stars gold, edged with scarlet, and shaded with blue. The design on each side of the flag is enclosed within a rectangular border stripe of gold, edged with scarlet. The flag was edged with gold fringe.





HORSE GUARDS FLAG



HORSE GUARDS FLAG  
(Reverse)

## Cumberland Seal



The ancient seal of the Town Council of Cumberland appears on a number of documents in the archives of the Rhode Island Historical Society. The device is a garb ensigned by a dove with wings raised, between a snake palewise undy contourne and a lion rampant, with around the circumference of the seal the motto STRENGTH PEACE PLENTY WISDOM. The seal is oval being 11/16 by 3/4 inches. It appears in black wax, in red wax and in paper, on documents dated 1786 to 1790 in the volume of Ballou Papers.

One document contains the following sentence: "Given at a Town Council held in and for the Town of Cumberland aforesaid the twenty-first day of June Anno Domini 1788. . . . Sealed with the Seal of the said Town Council," thus definitely identifying the seal as that of the Town Council of Cumberland.

For other Rhode Island municipal seals, see EMBLEMS OF RHODE ISLAND, published by the Rhode Island Historical Society in 1930.



## Privateers of 1798

"Abstract of all the Applications made to Jereh. Olney, Collector of the Customs for the District of Providence, for Commissions for private armed Vessels, which were issued previous to this 18th. Day of January 1799.

The Commissions are not Numbered; nor were the Boys distinguished in the Applications, from the Men.

Ship Palmyra, commander Cornelius Sowle; 2nd officer Edward Mark; 3rd officer Charles L. Hyatt; 227 tons 49/95ths; 10 three pounders, 4 eighteen pound Cannonades; 20 men; owned by Jno. I. Clark and Wm. F. Megee of Providence, R. Island; date of commission 12th Oct. 1798.

Ship Dolphin; commander John Dunwell; 2nd officer Geo. W. Allen; no second mate; 139 tons; 2 four pounders; 12 men; owned by Stephen Dexter of Providence, R. Island; date of commission 16th Oct. 1798.

Ship Independence; commander Isaac Parker; 2nd officer Richard Hutchins; 3rd officer Wm. Armington; 150 tons; 20/95ths; 12 four pounders; 20 men; owned by Geo. Lane of Charleston, Massachusetts; date of commission 12 December 1798.

Ship Rebecca; commander Benja. Tayer; 2nd officer Richard Brown; 3rd officer John Benthall; 231 tons; 62/95ths; 2 six pounders; 18 men; owned by Stephen Dexter of Providence, R. I., date of commission 15 December 1798.

Custom House, Providence 18th Jany. 1799, Jereh. Olney Coll."

(From original manuscript in the archives of the Rhode Island Historical Society, Olney Papers III, 67.)

## The Ponaganset Dugout

A dugout recently found at the bottom of Ponaganset Pond in western Gloucester, R. I., was, through the thoughtfulness and efforts of Mr. John C. Brown of Woonsocket, placed in the lecture hall of the Rhode Island Historical Society where it has been viewed by a large number of interested persons.

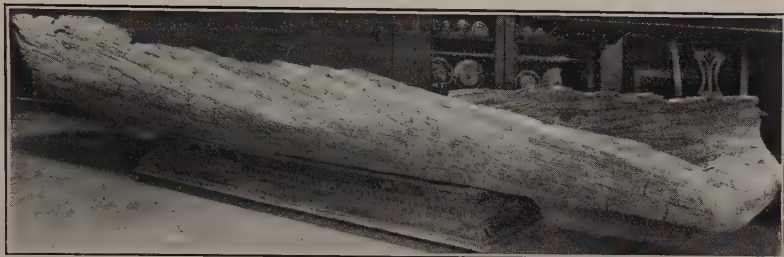
Five illustrations of the dugout appear on the accompanying pages, four showing the dugout floating on the waters of Ponaganset Pond and one showing it in the lecture hall of the Society. The dugout is about 13 feet 9 inches long, 28 inches wide at one end and 22 inches at the other. The bottom has been smoothed to make a flat surface. The log, which is chestnut, was hollowed out to a depth of about 14 inches, leaving the bottom about 4 inches thick at the quarter and tapering in thickness to a couple of inches near the ends. The sides of the dugout have been partly broken away by time and wear.

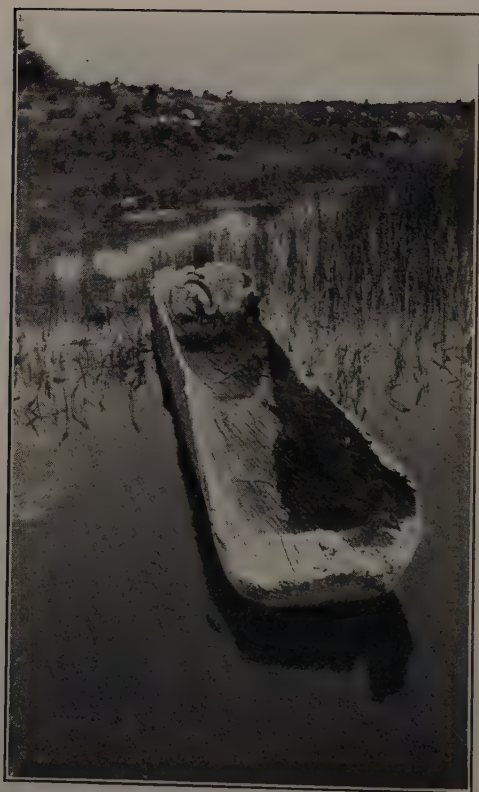
Dr. Harry Lee Barnes, in the *Rhode Island Historical Society Collections* for July 1922, page 85, recorded that a dugout was found many years ago in Wallum Lake, about eight miles north of Ponaganset Pond.

Accounts of the finding of the dugout were published in the *Providence Sunday Journal* of July 15, 1934, and in the *Evening Bulletin* of July 17 (country edition) and July 23.









## New Publications of Rhode Island Interest

An article on the *Gazette Francoise* of Newport, 1708-81, by Allen J. Barthold appeared in the Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, 1934, and also was reprinted in pamphlet form.

*The New England Quarterly* for June 1934 contains an article on *Roger Williams and Massachusetts* by George Albert Stead.

*Genealogy of the Descendants of William Turpin Thayer of Bellingham* (Mass.), by Luis Thayer Ojeda is a pamphlet of 43 pages recently printed at Valparaiso, Chile.

*The Narragansett Planters* by William Davis Miller is a pamphlet of 69 pages, dealing with the early history of the South County, reprinted from the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society.

## Notes

The following persons have been elected to membership in the Society:

Mrs. George A. Dame

Mr. Charles A. Keller

## Colonial Heraldry



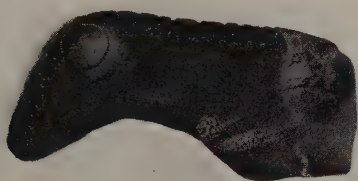
BALLOU

On a deed\* from Joseph Lapham to Abner Ballou of Cumberland, R. I., dated December 24, 1772, Lapham sealed with an armorial seal which bears the Ballou arms. The arms are fretty. The Bellew arms as given by Burke are: Sable fretty or. The crest on this seal is two flaming hearts which differs from the crest as given by Burke.

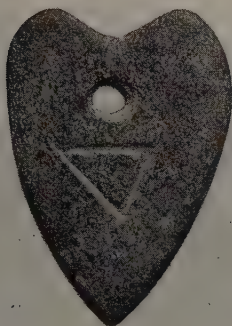
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\*Ballou Papers, p. 13, R. I. H. S.





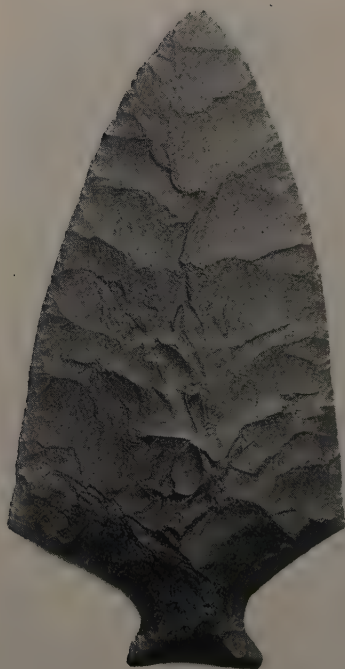
"BIRD STONE," TWO AND A HALF INCHES LONG, FOUND ON  
CHAMPLIN FARM, CHARLESTOWN



PENDANT, TWO AND A HALF INCHES TALL, FOUND ON GREAT ISLAND  
IN POINT JUDITH POND

This pendant shows the influence of European civilization

*In the collection of Daniel P. Sherman*

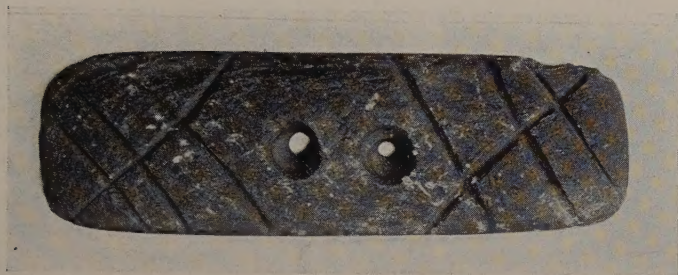


JASPER SPEAR HEAD, FIVE INCHES  
LONG, FOUND NEAR BARBER POND,  
SOUTH KINGSTOWN



KNIFE, TEN INCHES LONG,  
FOUND AT ESCOHEAG HILL, R. I.

*In the collection of Daniel P. Sherman  
of Wakefield, R. I.*



GORGET, FOUR AND THREE-QUARTERS INCHES LONG, FOUND ON SHERMAN FARM, POINT JUDITH POND, NARRAGANSETT

*In the collection of Daniel P. Sherman*

## The Minutes of the Westconnaug Purchase

*Transcribed by* THEODORE G. FOSTER

*(Concluded from page 61)*

At a Meeting of the Proprietors and Owners of the Lands in Westquanaug Purchase held in the House of Fleet Brown in Scituate in said Purchase on the First of May 1779 . . . By virtue of a Warrant at the Request of Sundry of the Proprietors of said Purchase Signed by John Westcot Esq Dated the 12<sup>th</sup> Day of March 1779

George Taylor chosen Moderator

Fleet Brown Chosen Proprietors Clerk

Voted that the Meeting be adjourned to the last Monday of October next at 1 °Clock P M at the Dwelling House of Fleet Brown in Scituate

Fleet Brown Proprietors Clerk

---

Whereas Request hath been made to Me one of the States Justices of Peace in the town of Scituate in the county of Providence &c by Seven of the Purchasers and Owners of the Lands of Westquanaug in Scituate requesting a Warrant may be issued to warn said Owners to meet together at the House at Mr Fleet Brown's in Scituate in Westquanaug on Saturday the First Day of May next at one o'Clock in said Day in order to choose a New Clerk to the said Purchase in the Room of Thomas Brown Esq Deceased

These are therefore in the Name of the State of Rhode Island &c

To the Town Serjeant or any of the constables in the Town of Scituate forthwith or Sigt hereof to warn and give timely Notice to the Owners of the Westquanaug Lands to meet at the House of Mr Fleet Brown in Scituate in said Westquanaug on Saturday the First Day of May next at one of the Clock in the afternoon of said Day in order to Choose a new Clerk to said Purchase in the Room of Thomas Brown Esq Deceased: also to do any other Business that may concern the Safety and Well Ordering said Owners and Purchasers Lands and Records Hereof fail not But make Return of this Warrant with your Doings at said Time and Place above Given under my Hand & Seal at Scituate the 12<sup>th</sup> Day of March A D 1779

John Westcot Jus Peace

Providence Scituate April 23<sup>d</sup> 1779 Then by Virtue of this within Warrant I notified the within mentioned Proprietors or Owners of Lands in said Purchase to meet to gether at Time and Place within mentiond as the Law directs

Wm Tyler Jun Const

The Two foregoing Papers contain a true Copy of the Original Warrant and the Officers Return

Fleet Brown Proprietors Clerk

THE END





## FORM OF LEGACY

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*"I give and bequeath to the Rhode Island  
Historical Society the sum of .....  
dollars."*

ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS



E. A. JOHNSON Co.

PROVIDENCE